

Thronopia



Rise of the Firstborn

Expansion Book



A few words at the beginning...

Chronopia has become one of our favorite tabletop games in the last years although we have discovered it years after it's official end.

We have played Warhammer Fantasy Battles for over twenty years and have long been fixated on it, while we have ignored other tabletop systems like Chronopia.

But times have changed since Games Workshop ended Warhammer Fantasy in 2015. The members of our tabletop gaming group became more open for alternative systems and other fantasy worlds. So we finally found Chronopia and its rich und fascinating background.

Unfortunately, the game had already been canceled years ago with the end of Excelsior Entertainment that had once released the second edition. Nevertheless, as fans of fantastic universes and backgrounds we always wanted to know what happens next in the world of the Firstborn, the Blackblood Orcs and all the other races. After reading the old „fluff“ books, we decided to write an inofficial fanmade expansion for Chronopia.

The classic game rules of the 2. edition and the old „fluff“ are still valid and remain untouched by this project - we just went on with the story of the Chronopia universe and added some new units for the „old“ factions and furthermore an entire new race. We hope that you will enjoy the expansion of Chronopia and the new aspects we have incorporated into this great game.

So have some fun and let the war rage on...

The authors of „Rise of the Firstborn“ in Mai 2019

„The Firstborn have risen, their old king has forged a world empire. Their knights have razed the fortresses of the Devout and forced nations to their knees. Now the settlers, the Exemplars, the Judges and the priests of the true faith follow. Castles are built, ramparts are thrown up and villages are founded. Who does not want to bow, dies by the sword.

They have become bossy, relentless and hungry, the men who follow the One King on the battlefield, and they still crave for more land. Even their blood relatives, the Sons of Kronos, had to experience that there is no room left for those who still want to be free and independent in this new world. Where the invaders appear, they do not only bring the regime of the One King. No, they also bring repression, exploitation, hate and genocide. But what have the Elves done through all these years? Nothing! Nothing at all! They just watched in fear as they were outstripped by barbarians who finally became the rulers around the Inner Sea. At least so far, but times have changed. The greed of the humans seems to be boundless, their impudence has reached a level that seems unbearable for all other races. The One King, who pretends to know the future, already has far more enemies than he thinks.

Shall I tell you what I saw in the future? A stage from which streams of blood flowed down. A stage where tragedies were played that left whole nations in despair. That was all the gods revealed to me. Sorrow, war, death - everywhere! No more and no less!“

Caranthir `dey Naylor, Lotus Mage of the House of Helios

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„Chronopia is dead! It has no future!“

These had once been the last words of Arch-Chronomancer Isenrink before he threw himself down from the highest tower in the city to end his life. The old seer, who had traveled the ways of time alongside the One King for decades, had finally come to the conclusion that the fight against decay and darkness could not be won. This was almost two hundred years ago, but a lot has happened since then...



A Look into the Abyss

Surrounded by hostile nations and the hordes of the Devout, the realm of the Firstborn had to wage war for its bare existence, as it could not have been bloodier and crueler. Towns and villages had perished in flames, while dark hordes had wreaked havoc in the land of the One King.

Blackblooded Orcs had led their armies across the southern border and the Sons of Kronos had returned to their homeland, abandoning their relatives on the battlefield in the Firstborn's darkest hour. Even the dwarves had become greedy for the flesh of the rotting corpse that had been left from the One King's realm.

The Stygians had long ago destroyed all the outposts the Firstborn had built in their desert and had killed their knights. Since then they had flowed eastward in vast numbers, rushing through the empires of the other nations until they had directly threatened the cities of the Firstborn.

However, it had been the Devout who had risen from all the destruction and betrayal as the ultimate victors. They had pushed the knights of the One King ever further back and had been about to tear out the heart of their archenemy's empire.

When their dark legions had marched on Chronopia under the thundering sermons of the four hellish prophets, a pitch-black sky had throned over the dying capital of men.

What the One King and his wizards

had seen in these days, were that all paths had led to just one future goal: Destruction.

So the remaining knights of the Firstborn had gathered behind Chronopia's walls when the minions of evil had come from all directions to bury the One King's city like a tidal wave.

There had been no more hope in these desperate hours. Little more had remained for the defenders than to fall honorably in a final battle, taking the noble heritage of their people into the shadow world.

„The end of our mortal enemies has come!“, had the sinister prophets preached to their children, who, in the face of Chronopia's impending doom, had screamed and sneered.

But when all confidence for the Firstborn had already vanished, the banners of an army approaching in the distance had suddenly moved over the horizon. A murmur had gone through the ranks of the Devout in front of Chronopia's gates, while the prophets had become silent.

Behind their backs the warriors of the Elven Houses had appeared - with shrill cries of war they had come at the followers of evil to annihilate them in a bloody slaughter...

From the Ashes...

In the two centuries that followed the battle of Chronopia, the kingdom of the Firstborn saw over eighty years of peace. The city of Aregath, which had been devastated by the Devout, was rebuilt. The same applied to the many villages that had been destroyed by the dark hordes, the Orcs or the Stygians. The Elves who had saved the Firstborn from extinction in the last moment had long marched back home again.

Their intervention had prevented the final triumph of the Devout and probably also their own downfall. But the thankfulness of the One King and his people was scant. Apart from sporadic trade relations, the humans kept away from the Elven kingdoms, concentrating entirely on rebuilding their devastated empire.

Meanwhile, the flames of war continued to blaze in the south. The Blackblood Empire had to face the invading Stygians from the southwest and was moreover shaken by internal conflicts. The Ogre's reign had started to crumble after orcish armies had gathered under the banners of Sultan Vraghrok in the east of the empire and conquered the city of Tushcant. What had began as an uprising against the ruling Ogre caste finally turned into a bloody civil war that slowly spread from the jungles in the east of Jargal to Kharabad.

So the inner turmoil of the Blackblood realm, the reluctance of the Elven Houses and the fact, that the Devout were increasingly trying to expand

their territory at the expense of the Dwarven clans and the Sons of Kronos, a period of recovery began for the Firstborn.

For the first time in a long era of conflicts, their children grew up in a state of safety behind high and solid city walls under the protection of a knight army, which could gradually fill its littered ranks with new recruits.

Eighty years of peace and respite fate had given to the One King.

Eighty years to plan, arm and to swear his people to future wars...



And so They went North...

Not for a single day, the One King had believed in peace, knowing that all the paths through time would lead his nation to the battlefields of the future. So he gathered his knights near Aregath and lead them across the Serpent River to start a stormy and unexpected attack on the fortress of the dark prophet Nemeth.

It took less than seven days for the rams of the Firstborn to tear down the gates of the black city and shatter their walls. The foul blood of the Devout stained the streets of the fortress during the carnage that followed the assault. Master Tylic, a young general of the Firstborn, invaded the dark palace of Nemeth at the side of his king and beheaded the prophet with his own sword. His knights then marched through the streets of the city to slay any creature they encountered.

In the end, all that remained of the dreadful fortress was a tangle of broken walls and burnt down buildings. Time mages and judges came to the fallen city, sending out spells that would forever keep the beings of darkness away from this place.

When the head of the slain Nemeth was handed over to the One King on a tray, a contented laughter echoed through the chambers of the time tower in Chronopia's centre. The dark prophet Nemeth had fallen, his malicious breed had been wiped out. But his razed city was only one ulcer of many that still had to be burnt out...

Three years later, the Firstborn marched into the lands north of Gergythia and adjudicated them to be a part of their empire. The Sons of Kronos, who had never given up their old way of life, withdrew from the invading knight army to the Zackwall Mountains or the wooded Kneethlands.

Once the Firstborn had not forgiven their relatives for having left them alone in the fight against the Devout, now their unconcealed lust for conquest excited the minds of the Berserker tribes.

It took only a few months for the soldiers of the One King to reach the foot of the mountain range that separated the continents of Jargal and Pandaros like a wall. There they built fortified camps, founded several settlements and a port on the coast.

One winter later, several thousand farmers and their families marched northward to colonize the occupied land. The Dwarves, who lived in the Claw Fortress, beheld the human settlers coming from the south in ever greater numbers with concern. No less skeptical were the wild tribes that lived beyond the mountains. Although they remained distant and were initially not hostile, the peace appeared deceptive.

For the next ten years, the Firstborn did not expand. Instead they littered the occupied territories with forts and other settlements. On the initiative of the One King, a non-aggression pact was signed with the Dwarven clans around the Claw Fortress as well as

with the Kallach tribe. The remaining Sons of Kronos stayed in their forests or in the Zackwall Mountains, from where they critically eyed their civilized relatives from the south.

The Campaign against the Hordes of Negral

For now, the One King did not seek more land in the north, as he assured the suspicious neighboring tribes, because he was already planning something else. The forges reeked incessantly in the realm of the Firstborn, while thousands of young men became knights and the city of Chronopia was turned into a frenzy of war by fanatical preachers.

In the year 423, a huge army of heavily armored warriors, archers and soldier peasants marched south to launch an attack against the dark prophet Negral and his followers.

Like an unexpected hammer blow of deadly force and precision, the Firstborn knights hit the surprised enemies on the battlefield, inflicting a crushing defeat on them.

Then they marched over the corpses of the slain Devout and their unholy allies to storm the gates of Negral's fortress. The siege lasted almost two months, demanding the lives of many brave men.

But finally the walls of the dark castle broke and the righteous wrath of the Fristborn washed away the hellish brood in its interior. Negral, the lord

of hatred, was captured and brought to Chronopia. His defeat was total, his horde of lackeys completely wiped out and the unholy fortress razed to the ground.

When the demonic traitor was finally thrown before of the One King's throne, an indescribable rejoicing erupted in the streets of the capital.

The second prophet of the Devout had fallen and the imperial border was also pacified in the south.

Negral was locked in a time prison by the Chronomancers through a complicated ritual to let him pay for his misdeeds until the end of eternity in terrible loneliness. A cruel fate that reminded all the enemies of the One King that it was better not to have the saint as an enemy.



The Flush of Victory

The victories of the Firstborn not only troubled the remaining Devout, but also the other nations around the Inner Sea. Tylic, now the most powerful commander in the One King's army, returned to the north to oversee the colonization of the occupied territories. For ten years there was a fragile peace until Tylic sent messengers to the Berserker tribes, who officially ordered the chieftains to submit to the reign of the One King.

As expected, the savages decided to preserve their freedom and sent the arrogant heralds back to Tylic who had already prepared his soldiers for another campaign.

Without hesitation he led his army of knights into the mountains to forcefully subjugate the Berserker tribes living there. An act that made the gap between the Firstborn and their primitive relatives finally insurmountable.

A war in rugged valleys and on snow-covered mesas which lasted almost six years and ended with the destruction of several wild tribes, followed Tylic's attack. Certainly, the Firstborn had to pay a terrible death toll, even though they managed to gain control over the Zackwall Mountains and the passes to South Pandaros in the end.

However, the hunger for land that urged the One King was still not satisfied. After he had conquered the Zackwall Mountains he sent his knights eastward to the woodlands of Kneeth where they attacked the Sons of

Kronos again, ravaging their villages. For months, the locals were hardly able to defend themselves, while more and more Firstborn troops from the south appeared.

On the Hohenseelbachkopf in the heart of the woods it came to a decisive battle, which became a carnage in the end, both sides should remember for a long time.

No faction had finally been victorious in this fight, which did not change the fact that the Sons of Kronos succumbed to the much better organized Firstborn in the following months. Thus, entire tribes fled east to the black plains to escape a fate as humiliated vassals or even lawless slaves.

Bitterly burned the hatred in the proud Sons of Kronos who had finally turned away from their relatives swearing eternal revenge. But the One King had accepted that from the beginning.

At an early stage he had announced to his generals that unpredictable barbarian tribes could no longer be tolerated at the borders of the empire.

The victorious knights were accompanied by soldier peasants who built farms and villages overnight. Where free Berserker tribes had once lived, stone houses and mighty castles should stand in the future. The sacred groves of the savages were burnt down by the Firstborn, so that they could build cathedrals for the One King instead.

He, the eternal ruler of Chronopia, wanted to conquer the whole world, worried the other races. And while the Berserker tribes marched east to seek

new homes, the One King was already giving new orders to his commanders so that his war of conquest could continue.



Aleha`s Breed must burn!

Meanwhile, the entire population of the Firstborn empire was inspired by the thoughts of coming wars. Whole generations were trained as soldiers and knights, because the armies of the eternal ruler needed a constant supply of new warriors. Neither the Dwarves, nor the Orcs, nor the Elves, not even the Stygians, dared to challenge the Firstborn at that time. But this was not necessary - the knights of the One King were for their part eager to carry the war out into the world.

Tylic, whom the countless campaigns had turned into a scarred man with gray hair, led a knight army of enormous size over the Zackwall Mountains in the year 457 and marched directly to the fortress of Aleha, the third dark prophet. But this time the Devout were better prepared for the attack of their old enemies. Aleha encountered them at the top of a fearsome horde and it came to battle not far from the shore.

For two days, the blood flowed on both sides in torrents, but the Devout finally failed to stop the Firstborn. Although General Tylic fell victim to the deadly blows of a Soul Flayer on the second day, his son Irmynar took the army banner from the hands of his fallen father and led the knight army to victory.

Ultimately, Aleha fled from the battlefield with the rest of her followers. But she did not hide in the depths of her nearby fortress, which the First-

born razed shortly thereafter, but fled further north into the inhospitable vastness of Pandaros, where she disappeared from the sight of her pursuers.

Once again the knights of the One King had won and even destroyed the third fortress of the Devout.

When the news of this triumph were announced in the streets of Chronopia, the people cheered more loudly than ever before. Everywhere the minions of darkness had yet fallen under the swords of the knights. No nation in the known world could resist the Firstborn. Aleha, the wicked priestess of hell, had been defeated as well.

But what not even the One King knew, though he could foresee so many faces of the future, was the fact, that Aleha was pregnant. From the day she had heard of the approaching enemies, she had let something enter her body that aspired to live, to grow and to become more powerful than the ruler of Chronopia himself.



What We See is Ours!

The decades after the destruction of the third fortress of the Devout were characterized by an almost feverish buildup and colonization zeal. More and more settlers came to the conquered lands to found new cities and to consolidate the empire of the Firstborn from inside. Not far from the ruins of Alehas razed castle, the One King had found the town Thylia to honor his heroic general.

The border regions near the Sons of Kronos, who were now facing their blood relatives with hatred and disgust, were secured by huge stone walls and fortified camps.

Finally, the One King ordered his commanders to invade the land of Toleria in the south of Pandaros. This was followed by a campaign against several human tribes and the Dwarven clan of Mekrag, which lasted almost twenty years. When the war was over, Toleria's nations had been brought to their knees, while the Dwarves of Mekrag had become lieges of Chronopia. Under the cheers of his knights, General Irmynar raised the royal banner in the heart of the land Basque, marking the provisional end of the long war of conquest.

The small kingdom around the city of Chronopia had finally become an empire that could rival in size with that of the Blackblood Orcs. Triumphant Irmynar returned to the capital with his army where the people revered him in the streets. The Firstborn had risen

from the ashes and were now ruling over an empire that made all neighboring races around the Inner Sea tremble with fear. But not only that, the vicious Devout had finally been defeated and their fortresses had been razed.

The golden age of the Firstborn had begun. Long ago, the One King had seen it shine in the future, and thanks to his wise leadership, it had come true.

„Once upon a time, the whole world will be ours!“, proclaimed the priests in Chronopia's cathedrals to the exuberantly cheering people and the victorious knights who had come back from afar.

And even the One King, who could look far into the labyrinth of time, saw only the splendor of his invincible empire, which would guide the destinies of whole nations for centuries. At last he had fulfilled his holy mission, said the eternal ruler to his Chronomancers.

There was no more doubt for the Firstborn that the future would only belong to them...

The Ebyron Treaty

In the year 518 the Firstborn and the leaders of the Elven Houses signed the Ebyron Treaty which fixed the river Ebyron in southwest Pandaros as the boundary between the two powers.

Under the terms of the treaty, the Firstborn would not expand west of the Ebyron, as long as the Elven Houses likewise did not expand to the east of the river.

Overshadowed by an atmosphere of growing mistrust, envy and hostility, the One King and the Elven leaders tried to find a peaceful solution by determining their spheres of influence.

The Elven hoped that their colonies on the west coast of Pandaros would be protected from the expansionism of the Firstborn while the humans tried to secure the western frontier of their empire.

Nonetheless, the treaty seems to be not much more than parchment and ink because the tensions between the Elven Houses and the Firstborn haven't vanished since the signing.

To the contrary - the Elven animosities towards the humans have never been bigger. The Firstborn on the other side have for their part never forgotten what the Elven race has done to their ancestors centuries ago. The Ebyron Treaty is still valid and has not yet been broken, but peace stands on a knife edge...

The Firstborn Empire in the year 520



Realms around the Inner Sea





The Wrath of the Fallen

The many victories of the Firstborn had brought death to countless Devout, as well as to two of the four dark prophets. Hidden in his fortress, Lokoth remained in the lava desert beyond the devastated Blackblood Empire among his last loyal followers. But he was too weak to start a new campaign against the surrounding realms. By now, the empire of the Firstborn had become so powerful that Lokoth feared the One King could one day ally with the Blackbloods and bring death to him too.

Aleha, the corrupted prophetess, had disappeared in the wastelands beyond the Midland Mountains of Pandaros. For years she had traveled with a small group of faithful servants through the inhospitable north to find a new home. Meanwhile, a fruit had sprung from her body that was hungering for life: Daimor, a little boy with curly black hair, watchful eyes and a keen mind.

On her journey through the lands in the north of the mountain range, Aleha had encountered a lot of foreign tribes. Ogres from the hills, human nomads, Dwarven forest dwellers and predatory Orc tribes. Where Aleha had appeared, she had quickly brought the strangers on her side with melodious words and her dark aura, what had opened a lot of gates for her and her followers. But even more than Aleha, her son Daimor had an irresistible attraction on every creature in his vicinity. The child,

who seemed not to grow older as time went on, won the hearts of all the living things that surrounded him. Soon there was hardly a tribe beyond the Midland Mountains that could escape Daimor's influence.

Voluntarily, thousands of people, humans, Dwarfs and even Orcs gathered around Aleha and her miraculous offspring to help them building a dark city which was named Samsyra by the dark prophetess.

Far away from the Firstborn's attention, a dark, black stone stronghold began to grow.

With every passing year, the bulwark became larger; to the delight of Aleha and her eternally young son, whom many tribes now worshiped as a living god.

Finally, the Devout began to build a pyramid to dignify the holy child. The temple was supposed to be that huge that it would reach the clouds one day. More and more workers flocked together in the steppes to help building the unholy city and the dark pyramid. Meanwhile, Aleha travelled with Daimor through the lands of northern Pandaros to preach to the tribes.

Daimor was revered everywhere as a savior and thousands fell on their knees in ecstasy, swearing to serve him until the end of their lives. The future of the world would belong to Daimor, the holy child, proclaimed Aleha as whole tribes joined her alliance. Blinded by her words and hopelessly under the spell of Daimor, the number of the Devout grew enormously within a few

years. With the construction of Samsyra in the heart of the Pandaros wasteland, the foundation for their coming resurrection had been laid. Even though the servants of darkness had lost two of their old strongholds, they now had Daimor, who was able to use thousands of men as willless puppets.

The Devout would return, preached Aleha. Mightier and more terrible than ever before to bring the final doom to the Firstborn and all the other races. One day, Samsyra would be an impregnable metropolis of darkness that would pollute the entire world. Then, with Daimor in her arms and alongside with Lokoth, Aleha wanted to start her revenge war and drown the creation in blood.

Let the One King enjoy his newly found empire for a while, she said. In the end he would only suffer more when everything went up in flames again.



The Battle of Bear Creek

After it was rumored for decades that Aleha was building a new fortress beyond the Midland Mountains, the One King decided to send his knights northwards to wipe out the rest of her followers.

After the Firstborn army had crossed the mountain chain it marched for weeks through the wasteland searching for the dark prophetess. Finally the soldiers came to a giant building site where the silhouettes of several half-finished towers and a huge pyramid rose into the sky. This was Samsyra, the new born city of the Devout, that Aleha wanted to make to the dark capital of a ruined world in the future.

Thousands of barbarians, humans, Dwarfs, Ogres and Orcs, encircled the much smaller knight army, while Aleha and her son Daimor arrived from the north with her personal guard units of loyal swordsmen.

Panicking the Firstborn tried to pull back but it was already too late. The Devout came over them like a desert storm, holding them in a merciless stranglehold that couldn't be broken anymore. Aleha's servants attacked the Firstborn from all sides under the lovely child's laugh of Daimor. A slaughter followed and not a single knight returned back home from the wasteland beyond the mountains. The Battle of Bear Creek in 521 became a deep scar for the One King's empire that could hardly be healed...

Clawarth

“While Clawarth arduously scuffed forward he mused about his young life. With his eighteen years he had already achieved it to become the most hated person in his hometown Bleichenburg. Clawarth was a murderer and rapist, he had killed not less than five women and two men.

Now he was a slave laborer. One among a gang of several dozens convicted criminals on the way to the lead mines at the foot of the Midland Mountains. Outcast and cursed by his own family, Clawarth mindlessly marched through a parched wastland, waiting for a painful existence without any hope for redemption.

“Life-long force labor in the mines is worse than death!”

This had been the last words the magistrate had shouted to the people of Bleichenburg who had screamed for his blood.

Nevertheless, Clawarth still believed that he had always been dogged by bad luck since the day of his birth. Those mendacious whores, those quarrelsome bastards...they all had awakened this deep-rooted hatred Clawarth was feeling from the first second he had become aware of himself.

Even his own mother had finally turned away from him. She had called him a miscarriage, a monstrosity, a godforsaken “thing” that was a shame for the whole family.

“A creature like you can’t be my own flesh and blood!”, she had screamed before she had spat in Clawarth’s face when the guards had dragged him out of the town gate of Bleichenburg.

The young convict slowly trudged forward under a mercilessly burning sun, he gagged when a cloud of dust tried to penetrate his lungs.

Several soldiers from the city guard of Bleichenburg flanked the gang of prisoners. They let the criminals wilfully suffer by depriving them water and food on the long march through the wasteland.

Silently Clawarth stared at the yellow-brown ground and the bone-dry clumps of grass between his feet. Every step seemed to make the rusty iron ring around his neck become heavier. This was the beginning of the end, the last scene in a young but nonetheless wasted life.

“Walk faster, dirty rat! Don’t dare to dawdle!”, heard Clawarth a raw voice behind his back. One of the guards followed him to push him in the right direction. Then he gave him a hard kick against the femoral. The young prisoner turned his head, darting a hateful look at the guard.

“Without these chaines I would break your neck!”, thought Clawarth while he enjoyed the imagination to torture and kill the soldier who had kicked him. But the man of the town guard with the halberd and the iron helmet didn’t pay attention to the convict who started to stare at him with an inhuman rage in his eyes. Instead he walked away to yell at another prisoner who had problems to keep pace with the rest of the gang.

The group of convicts and their guards marched till the red shine of the coming dusk filled the horizon. Meanwhile Clawarth was exhausted to death, his tongue was a hard sponge and the dust had already penetrated every pore in his body. However, the miner’s camp was still two or more day’s marches away from them, Clawarth heard one of the soldiers say.

Blankly he looked up to the dismal sky asking himself if there was also a god for his forsaken kind. Eventually Clawarth stopped, he began to agonize about this question while the other prisoners passed him in silence.

A moment later a terrifying scream broke out of the gray shadows which were covering the horizon in the distance.

“Stop!”, shouted the guards, raising their weapons and peering in all directions.

Clawarth uttered a dazed mutter and turned his head to the left. Several cries came out of the gloom behind the gang of slaves

Some of the guards started to roar commands, one of them pointed at a group of shadows that came nearer with impressive speed.

In the meantime Clawarth's heart had started to pound like a steam hammer, his exhaustion had vanished, he stared at the advancing strangers and recognized a group of armored giants with horned helmets. The warriors wielded huge swords and axes. Instantly they came at the guards who were screaming in panic. Clawarth started to laugh hysterically when one of the dark warriors beheaded a soldier with a mighty blow. In reverse the guards tried to defend themselves against the unknown attackers who had already encircled the group of slave laborers, but they fell under the deadly strikes of the strangers before the fight had really begun.

Immediately Clawarth was awakened. With a mixture of hate and sadistic glee he watched the attackers slaughter the guards. They had shortly thereafter finished their bloody work to step out of the shadows and muster the gang of prisoners.

While the other slaves were trembling with fear, Clawarth was still laughing. He pointed at the head of a guard that was lying in a pool of blood in front of his feet.

Slowly the black armored warriors came nearer. One of them, a broad-shouldered monster of a man, positioned himself next to Clawarth. He turned his head and shouted: "He is among them, mistress!"

Seconds later the young prisoner stopped laughing, he looked up to the armored giant whose face was hidden behind a helmet of black steel. At the same time another shape came out of the dim darkness beyond the band of warriors. Clawarth stared at the creature with gaping mouth. He had never before seen something like that.

With almost dancing movements the being overcame the distance to the slaves. Then it went directly towards Clawarth, it

beheld him for the time of a heartbeat, bending the head to the side.

“The gods have brought me to you, Clawarth the Great, bringer of the sword!”, it said smiling.

The young prisoner incredulously stared at the two-legged creature. Its female body was that beautiful...bizarre...terrible...these yellow cat eyes, these long legs, this smooth and ebony black skin.

“A beauty to rape and kill...to rape and kill for!”

Clawarth was entranced. In the next moment the creature gently touched his dirty cheek with the back of its hand, then it smiled again. With the voice of his mother it said: “You looked for the god of the forsaken and the god looked for you, Clawarth. And now you have found each other.”

“Who are you?”, asked Clawarth.

The being smirked. “I’m Aleha, the queen of Samsyra. And these warriors are your new family. Follow me into the wasteland and I will show you your future.”

The freed slave was speechless. He was not able to find the right words to express his immeasurable joy. Deep inside he knew that this creature could give him everything he had ever craved.”





The Elven Houses

More than once, the Elven Houses had regretted the day they had saved Chronopia from being destroyed by the Devout. While decades of inner strife were laying behind them, the Firstborn had become rulers of a world empire. Although the Elven had spent the last two centuries sending their fleets over the oceans to explore new lands and establish colonies, they regarded the human Empire in the east as a growing threat.

The more successful the Firstborn had become, the more the disputes between the Elven Houses had vanished. The House of Helios was still the leading power, ruling over several colonies and harbors on the distant island of Yndar and on the west coast of Pandaros.

Above all, the House of Crystal Lotus, which had also sent its ships across the seas to colonize foreign lands and to find new nations as trading partners, competed with it.

The House of the Black Snake, which was still notorious among the Elven, had been calm and reserved for decades. Especially after the Firstborn had defeated the Devout around the Inner Sea, Ilthonai, the leader of the house and descendant of the infamous Valymir, was eager to dispel the still simmering mistrust that the other Elven had for his clan.

But all the colonies and the achievements of the Elven race didn't change

the fact that the empire of the Firstborn had become the leading power around the Inner Sea, overwhelming any other realm in might and size.

Although trade between the Elven Houses and the humans flourished, the relationship nevertheless worsened with each passing year.

While the Firstborn considered the Elven to be arrogant and dodgy, those regarded the humans as overbearing barbarians with an insatiable hunger for land.

Long ago, the Elven had been the mortal enemies of the One King and his young realm. The ruler of Chronopia had never forgotten this, despite the support they had given to him at the gates of his besieged city.

Both sides, though still pretending that the old rivalry was no longer important, regarded each other with resentment and envy. The One King had long since noticed this, as well as the Elven Houses on the other side.

Meanwhile, the old rivalries between the Elven Houses have taken a backseat because the rise of the Firstborn has hit the Elven soul too hard. More and more all the houses, even the smaller ones, were united in their hatred on the aspiring humans and their eternal king, because the Elven still regarded themselves as the legitimate rulers of the known world.

Even more independent powers like the House of Crystal Lotus or the Jade House have become part of a common front which has established against the humans in the east. On

the other hand there is presently no leader like Duke Chropus among the Elven who could crush the Firstborn empire with his iron will und his brutal gumption.

But the Elven have weaved a huge political web in the last decades; they have made contact with the Dwarven clans in the east, promising them military support if the Firstborn should ever try to expand their realm at their cost.

Elven diplomats have even been sent to the Berserker tribes which have lost their old homelands because of the One King's greed. Everywhere the Elves try to incite the other nations around the Inner Sea to rise up against the Firstborn. Their plan is an extensive rebellion of the Sons of Kronos in the north, while the Dwarven weaken the Firstborn at the coast.

However, the Elven Houses hadn't had much success with their intrigues so far because the most other races just fight to survive. Also the Black-blood Empire in the south is still marked by the aftermaths of the civil war which has raged for years.

Notwithstanding, the Elven Houses won't stop their tries to undermine the power of their old enemy. With growing envy and hatred they behold the colonization of huge territories by the humans; a situation that is no longer acceptable for them.

As the One King increases his knight armies, the Elves build more and more warships and recruit new soldiers. Although they know that a war

between them and the Firstborn would leave both empires in ruins, they don't stop their attempts to win the other races over to their side.

But the Elves have - despite of their arrogance - lost a lot of their former power. In the last two centuries, decadence and sloth have poisoned the Elven society. Many Elven families have been without descendants, so that today's armies are much smaller than in the old times.

Indeed, the situation of the Elven race is not as dramatic as the Dwarven one but the decay of their once superior civilization is nonetheless obvious.

So the Elven Houses wish for a great leader who can not only solve the problems of their society but also smash the hubristic Firstborn to the ground.





The Blackblood Empire

What had once begun with a local conflict between the ruling Ogre caste and rebellious Orcs had ultimately become a coffin nail for the mighty Blackblood Empire.

Craglakk, a descendant of the Orcish rebel sultan Vraghrok, who had once conquered the city of Tushcant, was now ruling over the eastern part of the divided empire.

In the west, the Ogres had been able to maintain their power in Kharabad after decades of fighting. Now, the land around the old capital of the Blackblood realm was a sea of ruins.

The Stygian invaders had moreover destroyed the cities of Terakan and Japur, but by now they had retreated into their desert homeland. Nevertheless, the wounds that they had left in the Blackblood realm could hardly be closed.

The former empire of the east was shattered and devastated; hardly a reflection of what it had once been. His weakness had been beneficial to the Firstborn in the north for many years. While the Blackbloods had lost their power, the humans had risen.

Altogether there is not much hope that the situation will become more stable in the near future. Too deep roots the hate between the Ogres and the rebellious Orcs after decades of cruel warfare despite of some sort of temporary truce. The once mighty empire is still divided in an eastern and a western part.

Vraghrok the Orc

It was in the year 419 when the Ogre stadtholder of Tushcant in the eastern part of the Blackblood Empire accused a local Orc noble named Vraghrok to have stolen from the treasury. A dispute that finally had huge consequences.

Ogre stadtholder Bulgrol demanded Vraghroks conviction while the Orc noble and his clan declared him innocent. In the end, Vraghrok had to flee into the sparsely populated regions near the eastern frontier of the empire - and his whole clan followed him.

Raging because of Bulgrol's defamations the strident Orc gathered a lot of discontent other nobles around him and finally returned to Tushcant. In the dead of night he sneaked into the stadtholder's palace to murder Bulgrol while he was sleeping in his bed.

The next day the whole city was shaken by bloody riots. Hundreds of Orcs and Goblins who hated the Ogre rulers for decades of suppression and exploitation attacked them in the streets.

When the Ogre emperor in Kharabad heard of the events in Tushcant he was seething with rage. A few days later he sent two hundred Ogre guards to the east to bring him the head of Vraghrok. But the rebellious Orcs, who had already killed every Ogre within their reach, had not been inactive. Even more insurgents had united under Vraghrok's banner, so that he already commanded a small army. When the Ogres arrived at Tushcant, they were awaited by

thousands and thousands of Orcs and Goblins. The Ogres, who had not expected such a big horde of rebels, had no chance against them and died in a slaughter that lasted for two days.

The event which should go down in history as the „Tushcant-Massacre“ was the beginning of the longest and cruelest war the Blackblood Empire ever had to face.

A few years later, Gollfog Ironclaw, the Ogre emperor of Kharabad, retook Tushcant from the rebels after a long siege. But it didn't take long until Vraghrok came back with another rebel army to defeat the emperor's force in the battle of Haida.

After this great Orc victory, Vraghroks troops flooded the east of the Blackblood realm and conquered several smaller cities and a lot of villages.

The Stygian Onslaught

At that time, also the mysterious Stygians left the Land of the two Rivers to infest the western part of the Blackblood Empire. Huge hordes of the snake men crossed the border of Gollfog's realm attacking Japur, Terekan and other cities. Now the catastrophe was perfect and the Blackblood Empire on the brink of extinction.

While the war was raging along the western border, Vraghrok lead his army into the heartlands of the empire, beating several armies of Ogre soldiers and loyal Orcs, to finally attack Kharabad, the capital, itself. This was

a bold deed - and moreover Vraghroks only and last mistake.

The try to besiege the mighty, old metropolis ended in a desaster for the rebels. Vraghrok died fighting in front of the gates of Kharabad while his horde was attacked from several sides by the loyal forces of Gollfog.

In the end, the chiefless rebel army was totally routed and scattered to the four winds. After his great triumph Gollfog immediately started a campaign to retake the lost provinces in the east of his realm but Vraghroks clan was still in Tushcant. His son Urak organized the resistance against the Orge ruler's army and opened another phase of yearslong guerilla warfare which went on for decades.

Today the Blackblood Empire is still divided. The Ogres have lost the eastern part to a new noble caste of Orc families, that reign with the same greed and cruelty as their predecessors. The Stygians have meanwhile withdrawn from the western part of the realm with thousands of capitives; leaving entire provinces in ruins.



The Broken People

The Sons of Kronos had been loyal allies to the Firstborn for centuries but times have changed.

Who is responsible for the deep rift between the kindred nations is still controversial. The wise among the Berserker tribes claim that the Firstborn have long abandoned the ways of the ancestors, sealing their future downfall with it.

The One King for his part has blamed the Sons of Kronos of being unreliable since the day they had turned their backs on the Firstborn, leaving them fight the Devout hordes alone.

Meanwhile, the Firstborn have expanded their empire at the expense of the Berserker tribes, what became the prelude to a grim war of brothers in the wild landes of the north.

The Berserker tribes have sworn to reclaim their lost territories by all available means and to take revenge for the destructions of their sacred groves.

But the Firstborn are not the only enemies, the still free Berserker tribes have to fight. New armies of the supposedly defeated Devout have invaded their land from the northeast, while the mysterious Stygians have become another growing menace.

To top it all, strange men from the east have come over the great ocean to explore and chart the land of the Berserkers. Today, the old world of the Sons of Kronos is more vulnerable than ever before.

So the Mother Goddess calls in pain for her children to demand their aid.

The Kallach tribe under the leadership of Fynnar, a young and ambitious chieftain, has become the driving force in the Berserker's struggle for freedom.

Stubborn and proud, as they have always been, the Sons of Kronos carry on the fight to see another tomorrow and to save their ancient culture from extinction.

Hohenseelbach

The battle of Hohenseelbach in the year 425 was the crucial battle in the Firstborn campaign against the Sons of Kronos.

After the invaders had set their feet on the old, holy ground the Berserker tribes called their homeland, they had cleared the forests, built fortified camps and even desecrated the ancient groves of the Mother Goddess.

Furthermore, the Firstborn had left no doubts about why they had come: To take the land of the free tribes and to civilize their barbarian relatives - by force, with no choice to refuse.

At the beginning of the invasion the Berserker tribes had been to blindsided to react. Their villages had been destroyed and their families had to flee to the eastern woodlands. A time of month-long skirmishes followed, while the Sons of Kronos tried to organize something like resistance. But finally a strong leader who united the tribes against their hostile relatives

was more necessary than ever to have a chance against the well organized knights of the One King.

Meanwhile, the Firstborn had already built several huge camps at Hohen-seelbach, a plaine in the wooded land beyond the Altkopf Mountains.

Almost 12000 knights and soldier peasants had gathered at Hohenseelbach. Not guessing that the enemy, who was already thought to be defeated, was waiting in great numbers in the nearby forests.

More than 30000 Berserker warriors, lead by Fynnar, surrounded the Firstborn camp at daybreak to unleash one of the bloodiest battles of that era.

Screaming swarms of barbarians poured out of the thicket, welcomed by the Firstborn bowmen with a murderous rain of arrows. Fynnar himself lead the ferocious onslaught on the main gate of the fortified camp. Seeing with rage, the Sons of Kronos ignored their casualties and climbed over the fortifications to jump into the thick of the battle.

Nevertheless, the defenders were able to drive the first wave of assaults back. Hundreds of barbarians had been mowed down by the Firstborn Longbowmen but there were much more Berserkers lurking in the woods.

On the next day, the battle raged on. Hordes of attackers came at the Firstborn camp from all sides but again the Sons of Kronos had to retreat after hours of fierce fighting. Then the defending bowmen ran out of arrows - and the barbarians returned in the

following night. Fynnar, who was already bleeding out of a dozen wounds, charged at the top of the horde towards the Firstborn knights who had gathered behind the palisades.

Finally, the invaders had to pay with streams of blood for their greed for land. Thousands of Berserkers got over the fortifications to unleash their brute force inside the camp.

The slaughter lasted till dawn and the Firstborn lost over 5000 men. Fynnar had meanwhile called even more warriors to wipe out the One King's army in a final attack, but at noon of the following day his plan was blocked.

At the moment of their last onslaught a relief army of several hundred knights arrived from the south and attacked the barbarians from behind.

Although the Sons of Kronos continued with their assault, the battle of Hohenseelbach ended with another bloodbath with hundred of dead men on both sides.

In the end, the Sons of Kronos returned to the woods to lick their wounds while the Firstborn camp was devastated and looked like a slaughterhouse. The battle of Hohenseelbach had no real winner. The only thing left was a growing wall of hatred between the Sons of Kronos and their relatives from the south.

The Old Wizard

“An airy merriment filled the cozy wine vault of the wizard academy. Twenty young men, the graduates of the last course of studies, raised their goblets to Reinhard von Ackernau and struck up an old drinking song. Their master smiled back, then he raised his goblet too.

Meanwhile, the graduates who had finally become mages after years of hard work, were totally drunk. But this was exceptionally allowed this night because the aspiring wizards had all reasons to celebrate. These young men in their long robes were the pride of the mage academy of Chronopia.

Indeed, they had never forgotten who was the man behind their success. Reinhard von Ackernau, this silent, thoughtful and wise sorcerer with the high forehead and the deep blue eyes.

“Now the dark forces have every reason to fear us!”, shouted a chubby-cheeked man with a reddish beard through the vault.

Reinhard who sat at the head end of a long banquet table nodded approvingly. A second later he answered: “Yes, I really hope that you will be steadfast, if you ever encounter a servant of the dark gods, Dieter.”

“My friend will roast every daemon in the whole wasteland with his fire spells, master Reinhard! There is no doubt that he’ll do so...”, gurgled the neighbor of the stocky wizard with the red beard.

Suddenly, Reinhard von Ackernau stood up. He gave the chubby-cheeked wizard a austere glance to ask him then: “You want to roast all the daemons in the wasteland?”

Dieter giggled, his neighbor clapped him on the back.

“Yes, master! All of them!”

“An honorable endeavor, my young friend, but could you recognize a daemon after all if you see one?”

At a stroke the talk and the shoutings of the pupils broke off.

They all turned their heads in Reinhard's direction. Still gravely the mage looked back.

"Oh well...", stammered Dieter who was obviously overwhelmed.

"But we know all the important sorts of daemons, master", answered a blonde man from the other end of the table instead of his comrade who was much too drunk to be clear-headed.

"You know all the important sorts, Throvald? Really? Which sorts of daemoniac manifestations do you know?" Reinhard started to grin.

His pupil grinned back to reply shortly thereafter: "Eh...horrors, sirens...slaughterers..."

A lecture about all sorts and forms of daemoniac entities followed. Finally, the blonde wizard sat down again with a pale face. Reinhard who was eyeballed by his tipsy fosterlings harrumphed loudly.

"You have unfortunately forgotten the most dangerous of all daemons – the shapeshifter!", added the master.

"Shapeshifter? You have never told us about that", remarked Dieter with a muzzy smile in his puffy face.

"Then I should tell you about this sort of daemon now. So to say as a last lesson", said Reinhard. "Well, the shapeshifter can take over a lot of forms. He can masquerade as an animal or even as a human being."

"I couldn't care less! If I meet him I'll burn him!", uttered Dieter to fill up his goblet again while the rest of the mages started to laugh.

"Do you think that you are already powerful enough for this?"

"Hey, master, we are trained mages now. No more dirty peasants, we stand high above all ordinary humans!", bawled Dieter.

Reinhard von Ackernau kept a straight face. I didn't take long until he stood up once more and went to the exit door.

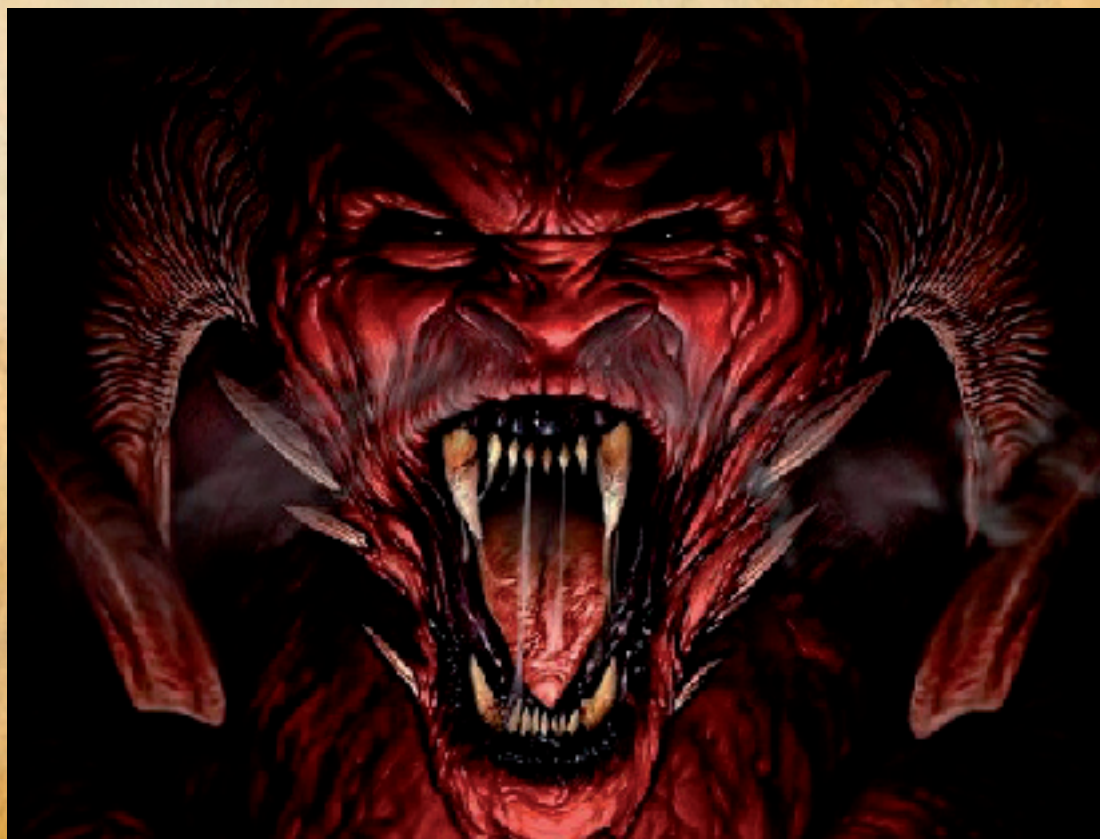
„I should go to bed now!“, he said to the younger wizards who

finally wished him a restful night. The old sorcerer passed the dark halls of the academy to enter the tower where his bed chamber was.

When he came into his bedroom that was only illuminated by the dim moonlight, he went to a big chest which was decorated with a lot of iron mountings. Reinhard opened it with a sardonic smile. An heartbeat later the light of the moon revealed a truth the young wizards hadn't learnt in all those years.

A mummified corpse was lying in the chest, the remnants of the real "Reinhard von Ackernau" who had already left this world a long time ago.

"The poison in the wine will take effect in a few hours. Then the Firstborn Empire will lose twenty precious mages. Today I have fulfilled my mission, old friend. You have to admit that this was really good work. What do you think?", whispered the daemon to the dead man while his human form began to crumble away."





Only Heroes and Fools still Hope for better Days...

The last two centuries had not been less harder for the Dwarven race than the era before. Their clans are still fighting to survive in an age that is more and more dominated by the ambitious knights of the One King.

So the Dwarves are still in a state of inner decline. Bloody wars against the Devout and the Stygians lie behind the clans. Plagues like the shrunkfever have decimated the population of several underground cities around the Inner Sea and have almost wiped out the Wolf Clan.

Furthermore, rumors of a mysterious enemy coming out of the dark depths below their cities are spreading among the Dwarves. Some warriors who have returned from the underground network of labyrinths that connects the Dwarven fortresses report of encounters with unknown enemies, that have emerged out of the subterranean oceans below the tunnel system.

After all, the situation of the Dwarven race is more grim than ever before. Surrounded by hostile nations on the surface, another faceless threat lurks beneath their cities.

The Dwarves need a strong leader who is able to overcome the deadly crisis of their species to restore the glory of the past.

But currently there is no one who could unite and heal the declining clans. All that remains in this dark age is an

everlasting struggle against extinction. Since the second half of the last century, the Wolf Clan has fought the shrunkfever which has killed over two thirds of its population. Other clans have avoided any contact with the Wolf Clan for several decades for sheer fear of suffering the same fate.

Today there are still rumors that the by then unknown shrunkfever is a devilish creation of the Devout to decimate the Dwarven race, but there has never been a proof for this assertion.

The Vulture Clan has more and more gone over to sell his warriors for gold. Thousands of Dwarven soldiers have become mercenaries in the last two centuries. A fact especially the Elven Houses have taken advantage of.

Only the Dark Tusks Clan has still enough strenght to hold its ground and to keep up the old Dwarven way of life.

But even Colmir, the battle-hardened leader of the Dark Tusks, has not yet been able to change the fate of his race. Maybe the task is impossible to break, maybe the battle is already lost and doom is irresistible as some Dwarven say.

Allies of the Elves

When the Firstborn started their wars of conquest it were the Blood-Bone Clan and the Horned Ones Clan which allied with the most powerful Elven Houses at an early stage. This pact is still valid today - more or less.

But the One King doesn't seem to care about the feelings of the Dwarven race. The expansion of his empire is his primary goal, even if it includes the total destruction of the old Dwarven culture and actually the end of their species.

The fact, that it had been the Dwarven who have helped the Firstborn many times in the past, is meanwhile ignored by the One King and his council of Chronomancers and warlords.

So the relationship between Dwarven and humans is worse than ever before. But the clans are almost helpless against the Firstborn empire and its huge military force.

By now open conflicts had been avoided by both sides but there is a lot of conflict potential for the future. Some leading Elves predict, that the next great war against the Firstborn will not start in the northern wastelands but around one of the Dwarven ringholds.

The Last Bastion

The mighty Dwarven city of Karath Dul has never been conquered in the past and is even today the last great bastion of the dying race. Several attacks of sea monsters which has tried to invade the city from the labyrinths below had been repelled by the brave warriors of the Dark Tusks Clan.

Unfortunately Karath Dul is just one city and not able to protect the other Dwarven fortresses around the Inner Sea. Every new conflict, even if it is often nothing more than a skirmish,

is a new bloodletting for the Dwarven. While other species seem to have endless reserves of new soldiers, the Dwarven are afflicted with every warriors they lose on the battlefield.

Not even the Blood-Totems, the old ancestor gods of the Dwarven race, know what the future brings - in the strict sense they know nothing at all, because they are still brutal and mindless monsters that can't help their children anymore.



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The Children of Tiamat

From their campaigns in the east and north of their desert homeland, the Stygian hordes returned with thousands of slaves. Orcs, Goblins, Ogres, humans, Dwarves, Elves and even Devout, chained together in bands, scuffed as prisoners towards Ipkur-Kish, where they disappeared in gloomy catacombs or towering pyramids.

What the strange creatures, who had long ago been the most powerful race in the world, want to achieve with their raids, can only be guessed by the other species. Who is driven into the hell of the Stygian deserts never returns, as the humans say. Every soldier facing the snake race on the battlefield knows this.

There is no doubt that the number of Stygians has increased tremendously in the last two hundred years. Not only in the sandy wastelands in the east of Jargal, but also elsewhere.

It is reported that hordes of mysterious lizard creatures are sneaking through the jungles of the Fallen Land, where they live in ancient ruined cities. Even in the countries of the north, the Stygians are pouring out of long forgotten temples to inflict war on everyone in their path.

The wise of Chronopia have long suspected that the masses of slaves serve less to rebuild the ruined cities of the Stygians, but to become blood sacrifices for their serpent god. Tiamat, the manifestation of the snake

race, is thirsty for seas of blood and the soul energy of living things.

If the Stygians had already been a danger when the One King woke them from their ancient slumber, they are a bigger threat today than ever before.

Their furious onslaught has turned the western part of the Blackblood Empire into a ruined landscape. Even the Elven city of Helio exists under the shadow of the Stygian menace which lurks in the deserts of the Land of the two Rivers.

Without doubt, the power of the Stygians has grown in the last two centuries. So the One King is not only responsible for the birth of the Devout but also for the awakening of the ancient snake race what had already had bloody consequences for all nations around the Inner Sea.

Every drop of blood that is shed on the altars of sacrifice gives new life to Tiamat, the god, who had long been forgotten by the younger races.

More and more energy is streaming into the ancient stone plates Tiamat had once given to the Stygians as an garant for their eternal reign.

This drives the snake men to constantly begin new campaigns and raids because their sperpent god perpetually screams for more blood to regain his old power.

Is there a chance that there will ever be some kind of peace between the Stygians and the other species?

Most of the wise among the humans, Elves or Dwarves negate this.

Without doubt, the thinking of the Stygians is that strange compared with that of the younger species, that a communication seems to be almost impossible.

Furthermore, the more powerful Tiamat gets, the more he drives his children into a condition of never ending belligerence. The younger races have stolen from the Stygians what their ancient god had once given to them - nothing else than world domination. So the growing Firstborn empire or the Elven colonies are giant provocations for the serpent priests who regard the rise of the younger species with some sort of cold blooded hatred.

Inscrutable Collaboration

Even if the Stygians had never tried to ally with humans, Dwarves, Orcs or Elves there are rumors that there is a kind of non-aggression pact with the mysterious creatures from the oceans which spread terror on the surface at increasing intervals.

Blackblood soldiers, Firstborn knights and Elven warriors have accordingly reported that they have seen Stygians and deep sea creatures fighting as allies.

If this is really true, the world would face an even bigger threat, than the warlike snake men alone. The imagination of Stygians and ocean monsters coordinating their assaults is more than scary for the kings of the Inner Sea realms.

In the last years several consultants of the One King have seriously tried to evaluate the reports of soldiers who have fought against the Stygians or the alien sea monsters.

All in all, the results are disturbing because in some cases the Stygians had attacked on the surface while the ocean monsters had come from subterranean caves, rivers or lakes.

Even if the closest servants of the One King don't dare to say it in the presence of Chronopia's eternal ruler, they secretly curse the day, when their lord had awaked the snake race from their ancient slumber...



The Captive

„Illithor had had only one wish for hours. He wanted to die, or at least lose consciousness for the rest of eternity to stop the horror. The Elven captain was not dead, though a fishman had dragged him down into the waters. What had exactly happened, however, the sailor did not know, because his mind was broken and his memory was like a worthless sieve.

Two creatures, ugly chimeras between man and fish, held him in their claws, leading him through lightless depths. A greenish glow surrounded the Elf and the scary beings who dragged him down into the cold abyss of the ocean.

The enormous water pressure did not kill the captain - quite to his own regret - and he was still able to breathe, even though he was hundreds of feet below the water surface. Illithor had meanwhile stopped screaming and avoided looking into the expressionless grimaces of his captors. He let the inevitable happen, hoping that death would someday save him from this nightmare.

Deeper and deeper the unknown creatures carried Illithor into their dark world, which was that gruesomely alien that a common sense could hardly describe it.

Why wasn't he already drown or crushed by the water masses? The Elven captain did not know. But he was swimming through the eternal blackness since hours as a tiny, greenish point. Lost like a dying star in the infinity of the universe.

„Where are you taking me?“ Illithor dared to scream again in his desperation. He turned around to one of the sea creatures, but the monster just stared straight ahead in silence and did not seem to care about him at all.

Undeterred, the fishmen and their captive swam through the cold depths, while Illithor finally lost his sense of time. After a while, the captain thought he could recognise a pale glow in the blackness of the deep sea. Gradually it grew larger until it resembled

a greenish dome, which pushed back the overpowering darkness a little bit.

„What’s that?“ The prisoner groaned, knowing he would not get an answer.

Then Illithor suddenly saw the contours of alien buildings. Like gigantic sea anemones, surrounded by bizarre towers and walls, they grew out of the green glow, which looked scary and poisonous to the Elf.

Finally, the two fishmen came closer to the shimmering dome from above. Illithor saw a huge city at the bottom of the ocean. The fishmen pulled him into the green glow, to finally sink down between tall, tower-like formations of stone. Walls, tube constructions and a lot of buildings which looked like the mental ejections of insane architects were everywhere around him.

As they sank lower, the captain spotted a multitude of fishmen. They populated this grotesque city like the Elves the streets of his hometown. Swarms of sea dwellers were waiting between the towers, they stared at Illithor with her expressionless goggle eyes.

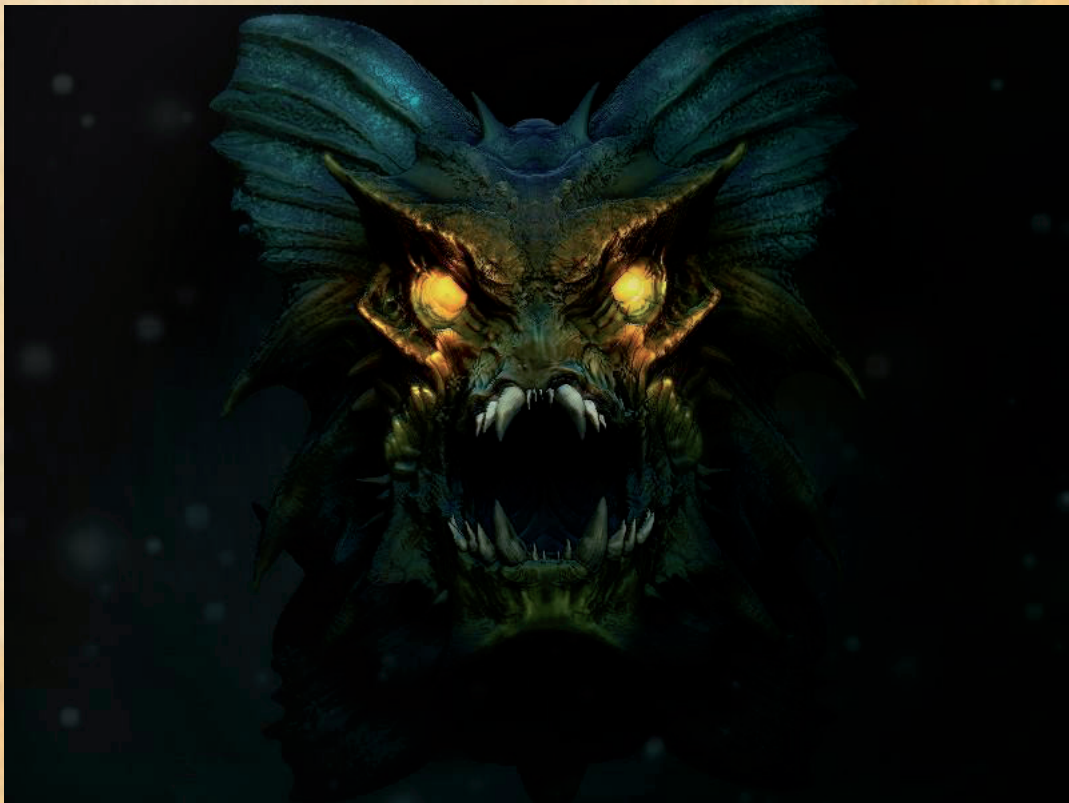
The nightmare did not stop for the captain. He did not suddenly wake up screaming to realize that it had just been a terrible vision of his mind. There was no awakening, The Elven captive remained trapped in this underwater hell.

When the fishmen finally reached the bottom of the sea, Illithor stood on a square of enormous size. In front of him was a building that resembled a thistle. But it was much bigger and more bizarre than the one they had found while they had investigated this mysterious island.

More and more deep sea creatures came from all sides to take a look at the strange being from the surface. In the middle of the place Illithor recognized several of those kraken-faced monsters he had already seen during the fight on the island. Illithor feared these things more than anything else. He prayed and started

to whimper but deep down in the ocean the Elven gods could not hear him. One of the creatures with the octopus heads slowly came to Illithor. The thing raised its claws, turned them; then it entered the broken mind of the Elf.

„We are old and we will ever be!“, the captain could filter out of the barrage of incomprehensible thoughts the monster had sent into his head. Then the nightmarish creature started to dismember Illithor's brain to find out everything about the strange surface dwellers who called themselves „Elves“.





Welcome to the Jungle

After they had successfully defended their independence against the Blackblood Empire, the Swamp Goblins had soon faced a new threat right on their doorstep. The Stygians had risen from their age old ruins to hunt for slaves in the jungle.

While the Blackblood Empire had still been shattered and too weak to start new campaigns against their renegade relatives in the Fallen Land, the awoken Stygians had poured out of their catacombs in the thicket.

So far the Goblin tribes had been able to withstand the Stygian onslaught with some help of the Elves of House Jade but times are getting harder for them with every passing year.

Meanwhile, the green hell in the heart of the Fallen Land is already a giant battlefield which is shaken by a growing number of conflicts between the Swamp Goblins and the mysterious Stygians.

Apart from that, the eternal conflicts between the Goblin tribes are continuing, because in the depths of the jungles everything revolves around the rule over the Gourd Cities and the Yellow Lotus.

About three decades ago, humans from the east came across the great ocean to invade the jungle realms of the Swamp Goblins. Some of the strangers were from the island of Jih-Pun, others even from the legendary continent of Samkarna. The Elder

Shamans of the Goblin tribes immediately suspected that the strangers were searching for the Yellow Lotus and gave them a deadly welcome. But although the first invaders disappeared forever in the thicket, more ships with new soldiers came across the eastern sea.

Some Goblin chieftains fear that the jungle tribes could lose their freedom one day, as the other races never seem to become tired of reaching out for the treasures of the Fallen Land.

Even if it almost always means certain death for their warriors, the strangers still come back again and again.

Meanwhile, several fleets have arrived and whole armies have entered the green hell the Swamp Goblins call their home.

The Great Wildfire

A few months after the Swamp Goblins had defeated the humans who had crossed the great ocean, the forest started to burn.

First the regions in the east of the Fallen Land were devoured by a hellish wall of flames, shortly thereafter the wildfires were spreading in all directions. It didn't last long until big parts of the Fallen Land were on fire. Finally the flames reached the biggest Gourd City of the jungle turning the holy tree into a charred corpse. When the wildfires ended, several Gourd Cities were destroyed and entire tribes had lost their homelands. Till this

day the reason for the catastrophe is unknown. However, the Elder Shamans claimed that it was a sign of the spirits to make the Swamp Goblins stop their tribal wars and unite against the foreign invaders.

For a while, the Goblins had stopped their quarrels but the peace between the tribes didn't last all too long. Today the situation is like it has always been in the Fallen Land and tribal conflicts are on the table again.

The Blue Wasps

But the Great Wildfires was not the only calamity the Swamp Goblins had to face in the last decades. A new species has emerged in the jungle - the blue wasps.

Where the Yellow Lotus grows the blue wasps follow to eat the precious flowers and to lay their eggs into them. Not even the wisest shamans know where the strange insects spring from, what doesn't make it better for the tribes that do almost everything for the magic plants their jungles gives to them since centuries.

Desperately the Swamp Goblins try to stop the wasp infestation to save the Yellow Lotus but they haven't yet found a successful method to keep the ravenous insects away.

Cuglakk, the most famous Goblin shaman of the Fallen Land, has said some time ago that the spirits have told him that the blue wasps are a creation of the Devout to destroy the Yellow

Lotus with all its magic abilities. If this is really true or if it is nothing else but the insane imagination of an old wizard can't be answered.

So far there is still enough Yellow Lotus in the Fallen Land but if the blue wasp plague can't be stopped, the risk remains that the Swamp Goblins could one day lose their most precious commodity.

To avert this danger, also some Elven mages from the House of Jade try to find a solution to get rid of the pest - without any result until this day because the blue wasps are extremely tough and can even survive magical attacks.





New Units



Firstborn

Soldier Peasants

The aggressive expansionism of the Firstborn Empire required more soldiers than ever before. In the last decades, the One King's elite knight units were no longer able to carry the burden of endless war alone.

Armed colonists who followed them to settle in the conquered regions have more and more become an important part of the Firstborn war machine.

Although, soldier peasants don't have the combat experience of the knights they are numerous and furthermore replaceable. Vox agitators, fanatical preachers who believe in the superiority of the Firstborn nation and the undefectibility of the One King, lead the swarms of soldier peasants on the battlefield.

Soldier peasants (6-12)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
9	8	-	10	2	1	3	3	13	-1	1	17

Leader (Vox Agitator) (1)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
10	8	-	12	2	1	3	3	14	-1	1	21

Special Rules: As long as the Vox Agitator is alive the whole unit gets + 1 CC and + 1 LD

Equipment: Shields and Beak Pikes (ST + 4)

Blackblood Empire

Naptha Throwers

This type of Orc soldier has become a common sight on the battlefields in the east. During the bloody civil war between the rebellious Orc clans and the ruling Ogre cast of Kharabad, Naptha Throwers were dreaded warriors who attacked their enemies with highly flammable substances that can even kill fully armored Ogres.

If the Naptha Throwers had come near enough to hurl their deadly cocktails, the battlefield turns into a hell of flames and screaming soldiers who have become living torches.

Meanwhile, also the Ogre rulers have realized that it's always better to have some units of these fire warriors in the own army.

Naptha Thrower (4-8)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
11	10	-	11	2	1	5	3	13	-1	2	25

Leader (1)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
12	11	-	12	2	1	5	3	13	-1	2	29

Special Rules: Immune against panic. The Orcs can throw their Naptha missiles in a range of 8 inch without any modifications

Equipment: Curved Dagger (ST + 1) and Naptha Potion (ST 7 (3X))



Devout

Proselytes

Since the day Aleha had come to the wasteland north of the Midland Mountains she has influenced the life of the aboriginal tribes there. The birth of Daimor increased her unholy authority so that today dozens of nations follow her will and believe in her promises of a brighter future for all living beings.

The tribes that regard Daimor as the true messiah and Aleha as his holy mother have become more and more fanatical. Thousands of workers for Samsyra and even more warriors for coming campaigns against the irreligious nations in the south have gathered around Aleha and her ravishing offspring. Those men, who have found the true dark faith lately, are called „Proselytes“.

Proselytes (9-20)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
9	8	-	10	2	1	3	3	12	-1	1	14

Leader (1)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
10	8	-	11	2	1	3	3	12	-1	1	16

Special Rules: Group Attack

Equipment: Rusty Blades (ST + 2)

Stygians

Temple Guards

Foreign soldiers who are crazy or stupid enough to attack one of the ancient Stygian cities sometimes encounter the mysterious Temple Guards. These dreaded monsters descend from a rare bloodline which roots in the forgotten ages of the past. The warriors who are allowed to join the ranks of the Temple Guards are chosen by the Stygian priests themselves. So the custodians of Tiamat's most important sanctuaries live only to kill everyone who dares setting a foot on the holy grounds that only belongs to the children of the great, old snake race. On the battlefield, the Temple Guards wield big halberds with deadly force and precision. The few intruders who have survived fighting against them report that the Temple Guards prefer dying before running away.

Temple Guards (4-8) / Standard Bearer (1)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
13	8	-	13	2	1	6	3	16	-3	2	35

Leader (1)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
14	8	-	14	2	2	7	3	16	-4	2	45

Special Rules: Steadfast; „Strenghth of Tiamat“ (+ 2 CC and + 2 ST for the whole unit - can be used once per game)

Equipment: Sacred Halberds (ST + 4)



Dwarven Clans

Grown up in a world which is interspersed by decay and grief, some Dwarven descend into a state of mental dismalness which sometimes explodes in an outburst of psychopathic rage. The Dwarven who join the ranks of the Doom Singers are still too proud to accept the thought, that their race is slowly dying. On the battlefield they march forward with mourning songs on their lips while their mood changes from deadly depression to extreme wrath in the blink of an eye. The strange behaviour of the Doom Singers brings fear into the hearts of the most enemies because there is nothing worse than fighting an enemy who has already renounced the worldly life and is totally incalculable.

Nevertheless, every Dwarven general knows that these insane volunteer warriors are an important support for the regular clan troops when the time to fight has come.

Doom Singers (4-8)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
12	8	-	16	2	1	5	2	15	0	2	32

Leader (1)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
13	8	-	17	2	1	5	2	15	0	2	35

Special Rules: Steadfast, Subterranean Warrior, Ferocity, Cause Fear

Equipment: Doomsday Cleavers (ST + 2 (2x))

The Elven Houses

While the Firstborn have expanded their empire year after year the Elves have also set up their forces to be prepared for coming conflicts. Not only their fleet has become the most powerful in the known world but also their land forces have been increased with new troops. In view of future wars against the Firstborn realm an effective cavalry is extremely important. The leaders of the Elven Houses have meanwhile recognized this and started to act.

Young Elven nobles have the possibility to join the Dragon Wedges, units of Dragonbane Riders for fast flank attacks. This is often the first step on the way to a high rank Dragonbane Knight or even a leading officer in the Elven army. On the battlefield the Dragon Wedges come over the enemy with deadly longswords and the sharp claws of their mounts.

Dragon Wedges (1-4)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	ST
11	8	-	12	2	4

Young Dragonbane

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	ST
11	8	-	12	2	5

WD	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
3	6	16	-3	3	66

Equipment: Longsword and Shield



Swamp Goblins

The green hell of the Fallen Land has already been the grave for many fools who had thought that they could steal the secrets of the evergreen forests. Jungle Assassins are highly trained killers the Goblins chieftains use in their never ending tribal wars or against foreign intruders who advance too deep in the forbidden woods.

While the ordinary Goblin warriors attack their enemies with loud screams, the Jungle Assassins lurk in the thicket for hours, waiting for the right moment to stab their poisoned blades in the backs of their unwitting victims. More than one Goblin chieftain has been found dead in his bed, slashed by an unknown shadow who has infiltrated his Gourd City. If something like this happens, every Goblin knows that a Jungle Assassin has been around to do his work.

Jungle Assassins (3-6)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
13	10	-	11	2	1	3	3	11	-3	1	24

Leader (1)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
14	10	-	12	2	1	3	3	11	-4	1	31

Special Rules: Stalk, Unseen Assailant, Swamp Warrior

Equipment: Curare Claws (ST +2 (2x)); The unit leader has a Jaw Axe (ST + 4 (3x))

Sons of Kronos

After the Firstborn had invaded their homeland, the Sons of Kronos fled eastwards to preserve their freedom. Searching for a new place to live the tribes marched through the woodlands and steppes of eastern Pandaros where they encountered tribes of savage Ogres.

Despite their primitivity, the Ogres let the humans pass their territory without attacking them. Since this day, there is some sort of peaceful accord between the Sons of Kronos and the woodland Ogres.

Like the tribes, the Ogres also fear a future invasion of the Firstborn that could one day end their savage but blithely life. So the Ogres joined the fight for freedom the Sons of Kronos had begun after losing their ancestral ground. In the last years, savage Ogre warriors have been useful allies in the Berserker armies who are still waiting for their revenge.

Woodland Ogres (2-4)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
11	8	-	13	2	2	6	3	12	0	3	36

Leader (1)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
12	8	-	14	2	2	7	3	12	-1	3	42

Special Rules: Cause Fear, Ferocity

Equipment: Bone Club (ST +3) and Shield

„We have asked the Firstborn to stop their expansion after the conquest of Toleria. They accepted our terms in pretence only to push the border of their empire further westward after ten years had passed.

Then we asked them again to keep their troops out of Basque but the One King and his generals refused to negotiate about any constraints.

Meanwhile, the Firstborn empire threatens our colonies at the westcoast of Pandaros, and we know that the One King's thirst for power is not yet satisfied.

So we do now, what has to be done. All the Elven Houses have united their strenght and settled their divergences to prepare for the day, when peace is no longer possible.

Treaties are nothing but words. We know it and the Firstborn know it as well. And this time, we will not comply again in front of these presumptuous barbarians and their old, greedy monarch.

This time we will anser them in a language they will understand - the only language these primitives understand!“

(From the famous „Retaliation-Speech“ of Duke Beluar, Leader of the House of Helios, in the year 525)

„We are not their slaves anymore! We don't have to ask the great Elven race for permission if we want to do something! These times are over and they will never return!

I know that they hate us for what we have become. Shall they! But they should better show us respect, because we don't fear anyone in this world! The Firstborn nation is always ready to fight!“

(The One King's proclamation in the year 525)



The Cerulean Hordes



Terror from the Deep

In the year 471 an Elven expedition fleet reached the archipelago of Iren-dor in the western ocean. Exploring the countless islands, the seafarers found the ruins of an age old city which were partly drowned in water and mud.

Despite the fact that the Elven sailors had already seen a lot of lost places, this one was more strange than all others before.

The cyclopic ruins looked that alien and bizarre that even the most experienced seafarers were not able to determine their origin. Furthermore, there were no aboriginal tribes on the mysterious island - just deep jungles and arcane ruins of black volcanic stone.

So the Elves set up a camp in the old city and went on exploring it. On the second day they found a huge building which had some resemblance with a sea anemone. After the sailors had entered it, they recognized that it was an abandoned temple full of scary looking idols that showed grotesque kraken monsters.

Today, we don't really know what had happen then, because the reports of the few surviving Elves that returned from the western seas are still contradictory. The most told that they were attacked by fish-like humanoids and even more awful creatures that had came out of the swamps.

For the next twenty years, the strange sounding story was forgotten because every Elf who heard the tale thought

that it was nothing but sailor's yarn. But finally the unbelieving Elves were proven wrong.

Ophir, one of the most impressive Elven cities, was attacked in the year 493 by a huge horde of unknown monsters that had emerged from the sea. Hundred of fishmen, accompanied by outsized crabs and kraken monstrosities infested the Elven city and caused sheer panic among its inhabitants.

The battle against the mysterious invaders lasted for three days and many Elven warriors died in the slaughter. After they had inflicted heavy losses on the defenders, the sea creatures suddenly vanished again leaving Ophir devastated.

This had been the first assault of the ocean monsters the Elves meanwhile call „Ceruleans“, because of a mysterious blue fog that had covered the strangers after they had come to the surface.

Since this day, when the Ceruleans had spread terror in the streets of Ophir, the attacks of the sea monsters have increased. Not only the Elves had to face the horrors of the depths but also the Dwarven or humans. In principle, all realms around the Inner Sea are not safe anymore because the Ceruleans emerge in the vicinity of the coasts without warning.

What are the stranger's motives? This question is still a cause of worry for the wise among the surface races.

Sometimes the Ceruleans plunder villages and cities as if they have a

great interest in the things the surface dwellers produce or build. Then again they abduct people to tear them down into the dark abysses of the oceans.

What strange intelligence ever drives the Ceruleans Hordes forward, they have become a growing threat for the realms around the Inner Sea.

Besides, the Firstborn or the Dwarves openly accuse the Elves that their activities on the oceans have attracted the attention of the Ceruleans to the surface nations: Another reason for strife and discrepancies between the realms.

But in the moment a Cerulean Horde appears, all those questions or recriminations are no longer important. Hissing, croaking and trudging forward with even more odious sounds the strange enemy pours over the battlefield shrouded in a blue mist and the smell of salt water.

While the scaly fishmen wield clubs and axes of a bone-like material, other Ceruleans use sonic weapons to kill their opponents.

The kraken-faced monsters which have been identified by the surface dwellers as the leaders of the hordes, seem to have the ability to penetrate the minds of their enemies to turn them into screaming madmen or use them like puppets.

Overall the Cerulean Hordes are an even more alien threat than the Stygi-ans who have risen from their eternal sleep. A civilization, hidden in the depths of the oceans, has declared

war to the races on the surface while a communication with the unknown enemy seems to be impossible.

All the nations around the Inner Sea can do, is to be ever vigilant. Even the One King, who claims to know about the future, has not foreseen the threat that has emerged from the dark pits of the ocean.

Especially the Elves fear the Cerulean Hordes because they have oversea colonies and are the leading maritime power in the world of Chronopia.

In the last years, more and more ships of the Elven Houses have been attacked by the Ceruleans what has made the ocean trade much more dangerous than ever before. A true catastrophe for the Elves who apprehend the breakdown of their far reaching trade network, while the Firstborn realm grows stronger.



The Cerulean Hordes

The races on the surface still don't know what caused the Cerulean Hordes to leave their living environment. Maybe it will always remain a secret, what drives them to set foot on the dry land; maybe some day there will be something like a communication between them and their opponents.

Currently the sea creatures are a growing threat for all surface races because their attacks become more frequent, while bigger and bigger hordes emerge from the depth.

From the Cerulean's standpoint - if they really have one - invading the realms beyond their native oceans is nevertheless a risky and dangerous venture. Fighting on the surface or starting even longer campaigns and raids weakens the children of sea. The longer they stay outside the water, the more lasting is the damage they suffer.

„Loosing Vitality“

This **special rule** remains valid during the whole game and for the whole Cerulean army. Every model must throw a D20 at the beginning of every turn to determine its vitality. At the result of „20“ the model loses one health point; armor saves and regeneration throws are not allowed against this.

„Fast Regeneration“

The soldiers who have already fought against the Cerulean Hordes have reported about some strange regeneration abilities of the sea creatures. Units with the „Heal“ special rule can regenerate wounds. A model in an unit with „Heal (5)“ can for example regenerate a wound at a dice roll of 1-5.



Depth Brood

Depths Broods are the core of the most Cerulean Hordes, dreadful fishmen with long arms which end in sharp claws. The Depth Broods are slow but on the other hand though and stubborn. Their weapons are made of a bone-like material which is nonetheless hard enough to penetrate the iron armors of the humans, Elves or Dwarves.

Usually the Depth Broods attack as a swarm of scaly monsters, unwaveringly trudging towards the enemy. Who has ever looked into the glassy eyes of a fishman knows which terror these strange creatures spread on the battlefield. Even more dangerous than the ordinary fishmen are the Depth Snappers who carry big bone scythes that can even cut a Firstborn knight in half.

Depth Brood (4-8) / Standard Bearer (1 Opt.)

CC	FW	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
9	8	-	12	2	1	5	2	12	-2	2	31

Leader (1)

CC	FW	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
10	8	-	13	2	1	5	2	13	-2	2	35

Depth Snapper (1-2 Opt.)

CC	FW	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
9	8	-	12	2	1	6	2	12	-1	2	39

Classification: Warband

Special Rules: You may purchase one Depth Snapper for every four Depth Broods in your warband

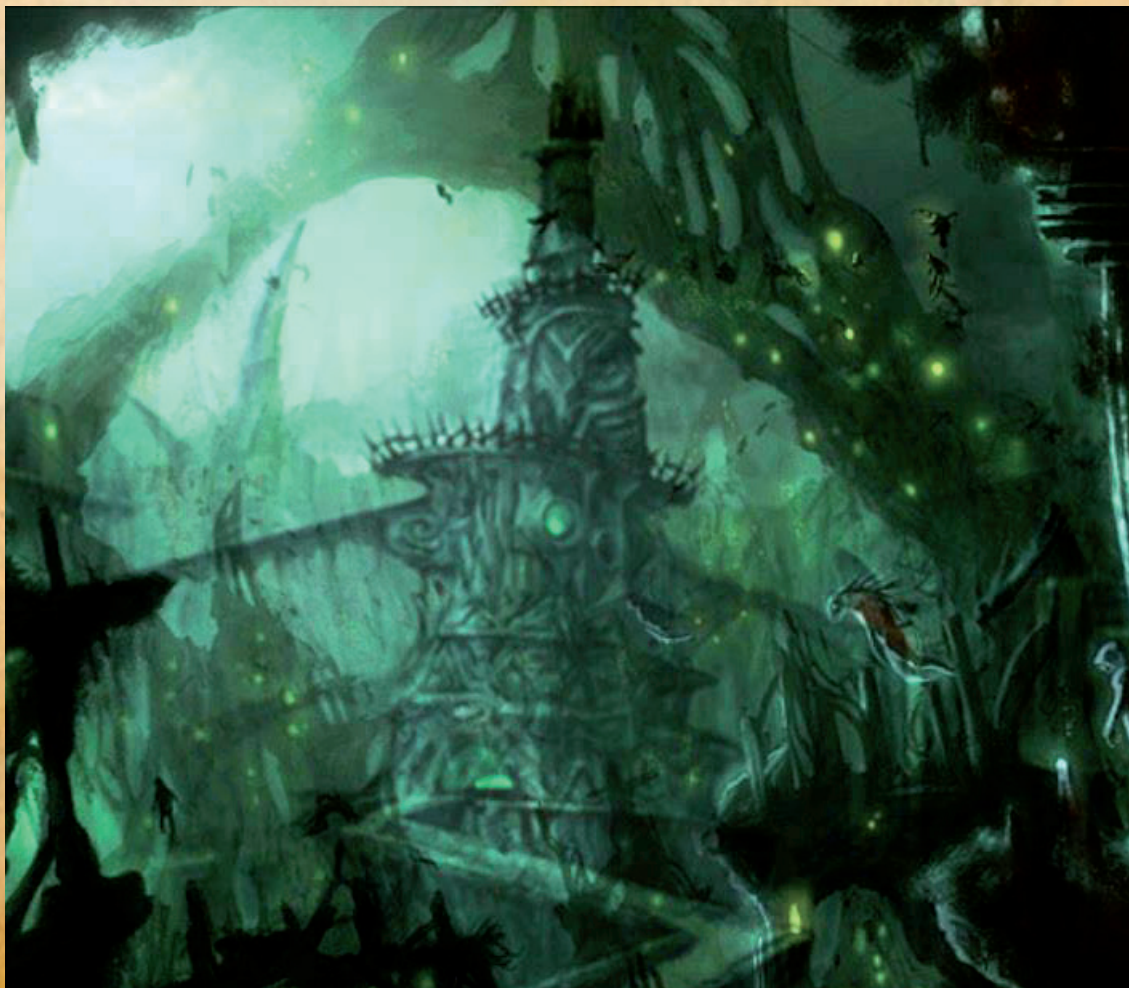
Every model in the unit has „Heal (5)“

The Depth Broods unit has the „Steadfast“ special rule.

Equipment: Depth Broods are armed with Sepid Axes (ST + 3)

Depth Snappers are armed with Sepid Scythes (ST + 5 (2x))

The Depth Brood Standard Bearer is armed with a Sepid Axe and may have a standard



Sonic Broods

Sonic Broods are fishmen who use deadly ultrasonic weapons against their enemies. The strangeness of these creatures is similar to their dangerousness. Even heavy armors are no reliable protection against the sonic waves that let organs and brains explode. Fortunately, the Sonic Broods can use their weapons only on a short range. But if they have made it to come close enough to their opponents, the impact of the sonic blasts is devastating. In combination with swarms of Depth Broods the sonic bombardment can tear huge gaps into the ranks of an opposing army. In close combat the Sonic Broods use razor-sharp bone knives to cut down those who have survived their mortal noise assaults. Like the other fishmen, the Sonic Broods are extremely tough and can ignore several wounds before they finally go to the ground.

Sonic Broods (4-8)

CC	FW	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
7	10	-	11	2	1	3	2	11	+1	2	35

Leader (1)

CC	FW	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
7	12	-	11	2	1	3	2	11	+1	2	37

Special Rules: Steadfast, Every model in the unit has „Heal (5)“

Equipment: Sepid Knife (ST + 1), Sonic Waves (Range 18 inch, ST 8 (2x); the sonic weapons suffer no shooting modifications

Prawnoids

Prawnoids are big crab-like monstrosities that serve the Cerulean overlords as shock troopers in their wars against the surface races. Where these creatures emerge, the hearts of their enemies are filled with fear. While the Depth Broods march forward, the Prawnoids crush into the ranks of the opposing army at first to smash everyone in their path with their huge pincers.

As living battering rams the Prawnoids are well protected by an exoskeleton of rock hard bones what makes them much more dangerous. In many fights it have been the Prawnoids who have caused the biggest panic among the enemy soldiers because even the most experienced warriors dread these giant crabs which are strong, fast and impetuous as well.

Prawnoids (2-4)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
14	8	-	13	2	2	6	4	20	-2	3	61

Leader (1)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
14	8	-	14	2	2	6	4	20	-2	3	63

Special Rules: Cause Fear, Ferocity, Steadfast

Every model in the unit has „Heal (3)“

Equipment: Smashing Pincers (ST + 10)

Acid Spitters

These fishmen shoot bubbles of poisonous acid at their foes. Like the Sonic Broods they can only use their weapons on a short range but if they have come close enough, their gust of corrosive acid brings death to everyone who stands in their way.

After the Acid Spitters have decimated the enemy, the close combat units of the Cerulean Horde follow them to slaughter those who lie screaming in pools of acid. The Elves had once been the first surface dwellers who had encountered the Acid Spitters during the battle for Ophir. It is told that even heavily armored elite warriors had died in great numbers when they had been hit by flushes of acid. Meanwhile, the most surface races know what can happen if these strange monsters come to close.

Acid Spitters (4-8)

CC	FW	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
7	10	-	11	2	1	3	2	11	+1	2	35

Leader (1)

CC	FW	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
7	11	-	11	2	1	3	2	11	+1	2	37

Special Rules: Steadfast; Every model in the unit has „Heal (5)“

Equipment: Sepid Knife (ST + 1), Acid Gush (ST 4 / Flamer Template)

Depth Brood Breachers

The Depth Brood Breachers are a bigger, stronger and even tougher spawn of the fishmen. With heavy Sepid Hammers in their scaly claws the breachers are made for brutal direct assaults. These creatures don't seem to be as numerous as the ordinary Depth Broods and are a rare sight on the battlefield.

Where these monsters appear, they are always a part of the first wave of attackers. The Depth Brood Breacher's abilities to survive wounds that would kill a human on the spot have already become a legend among the races inhabiting the surface. Those fishmen, who have been identified by their enemies as something like „heroes“, seem to belong to the same bloodline as the Depth Brood Breachers.

Depth Brood Breachers (2-4)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
12	8	-	13	2	2	7	2	20	0	3	61

Leader (1)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
13	8	-	14	2	2	7	2	20	0	3	64

Special Rules: Cause Fear, Ferocity, Steadfast

Every model in the unit has „Heal (8)“

Equipment: Heavy Sepid Hammer (ST + 5)

Lagoon Things

These fishmen are dreaded stalkers that emerge out of swamps, lakes, rivers or crevices without warning. If they don't kill their victims immediately, they drag them down into the dark floods - what is maybe even worse than death - to let them disappear forever.

Nobody on the surface knows yet what has happened to those who have been abducted by the Lagoon Things. Do the Cerulean overlords study them? Have they become slaves of the sea monsters in their horrid underwater civilization? The truth lies beneath the waves, that's all the surface dwellers know...

Lagoon Things (4-8)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
11	8	-	13	2	1	4	3	12	-1	2	34

Leader (1)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
12	8	-	14	2	1	4	3	12	-2	2	37

Special Rules: Steadfast, Cause Fear, Unseen Assailant

Every model in the unit has „Heal (5)“

Equipment: Sepid Axes (ST + 3)

Crab Swarms

If a Cerulean Horde marches to war huge swarms of aggressive crabs pour out of the sea to come over everyone who dares to oppose the depth creatures. The reason why the animals act like this is still a secret, indeed the wise among the surface races assume that the crab swarms are controlled by some kind of superior intelligence.

What ever may drive them to behave like this, thousands of angry crabs can be a terrific sight and also a dangerous enemy to face. Even if a single crab is no real threat for a warrior, endless masses of these animals can cause panic and fear in almost every force the surface dwellers send against the Ceruleans.

Crab Swarms (6-12)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
9	8	-	10	2	1	3	3	9	0	1	17

Leader (1)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
9	8	-	10	2	1	3	3	9	0	1	17

Special Rules: Group Attack

Immune against any form of psychology, crab swarms always fight till death and never run away

Equipment: Countless pincers (ST + 5)

Trident Broods

Trident Broods are elite fishermen warriors with lance-like sepid weapons which are electrically charged. Thus, the strange Cerulean pikes cause not only deep wounds but also kill with electric shocks. Using these unknown powers makes the Trident Broods to scary opponents in the heat of the battle.

Who has ever seen a knight killed by an invisible force will never forget this moment of terror. Since the surface dwellers have faced the first fishermen of this kind, they rack their brains about the question which magical powers they use to create deadly weapons like their tridents. So far not even the greatest thinkers among the humans, Dwarves or Elves have found an answer.

Trident Broods (4-8) / Standard Bearer (1 Opt.)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
9	8	-	12	2	1	5	2	12	-2	2	38

Leader (1)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
10	8	-	13	2	1	5	2	13	-2	2	42

Special Rules: Steadfast, Secondary Attack

Every model in the unit has „Heal (5)“

Equipment: Trident (ST + 4); Electric Shock (ST 6)



Octarecs

Some wise men among the surface races assume that the kraken-faced monsters are the ruling species of the Cerulean deep sea civilization. On the battlefield they play the role of army commanders or coordinators. So they are like „officers“ or even chieftains in the human forces.

The Elves have once called these strange beings „Octarecs“ and this name became also prevalent among the other surface dwellers.

Octarecs have a sinister intelligence which is hard to understand by other species. Furthermore, they have the ability to penetrate the minds of people and manipulate them with their own will. Wherever the Cerulean Hordes start a raid on the surface, there are always some Octarec supervisors who lead the attack.



Octarec Mages

Octarec Mages use a form of magic which is as much frightening as strange. These unspeakable sea warlords use storms of telepathic waves or other weird methods to bring their enemies down.

Octarec Mage (1) (Individual)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
13	8	15	15	4	3	5	3	20	-1	3	98

Special Rules: Cause Fear, Commanding Presence, Steadfast

The Octarec Mage has „Heal (5)“

Equipment: Blue Gloom Staff (ST + 4 (2x))

Spell List of the Octarec Mages

Mind Control

Cost: 10

Range: LOS

Level: 1

Actions: 2

Save: Yes

With this spell the Octarec Mage can choose which enemy unit will be activated next. The opponent still has the control over the target unit itself but the Octarec can decide the unit he has to play. This may only be cast during the Octarec Mages turn and as

soon as the Octarec Mage finishes his turn, the enemy unit is activated.

Dying Fast

Cost: 30

Range: Enemy model in LOS

Level: 5

Actions: 3

Save: Yes

When the Octarec Mage casts this spell on an enemy Individual, the target gets to take four turns immediately. During this time the target model may do whatever it likes. When the four turns are over it dies. This spell can be used only once per battle.

Manipulation

Cost: 10

Range: Whole Battlefield

Level: 1

Actions: 2

Save: No

The Octarec Mage penetrates the minds of up to two soldiers of a warband (not Individuals!) somewhere on the battlefield to make them attack their own comrades. If the spell is successful, the soldiers use their full action points to attack the other models in their unit. The Octarec player decides who is assaulted.

Roll a D20 after the spell has been successfully casted:

1-10: 1 model is under control of the Octarec Mage

11-20: 2 models are under control of the Octarec Mage

Cracked Brains

Cost: 20

Range: 24" and LOS

Level: 4

Actions: 3

Save: No

The enemy unit is hit by a telepathic shot (D20 hits with strength 4)

Confused Commander

Cost: 13

Range: None

Level: 3

Actions: 2

Save: N/A

The Octarec Mage player automatically gets the Initiative for the next turn because the enemy commander is too confused to lead his men. This spell can only be used once per battle.

Paralyzed

Cost: 15

Range: 18" and LOS

Level: 4

Actions: 3

Save: Yes

If the Octarec Mage casts this spell successfully on an enemy unit, every model in the unit loses one action point in this game turn.

Mouth of Madness

Cost: 15

Range: 24" and LOS

Level: 3

Actions: 2

Save: Yes

The target unit which has been attacked by this spell has immediately to test against „Dread“.



Octarec Lurker

Octared Lurkers are a variant of the kraken-faced leaders of the Cerulean Hordes. In combat they attack their foes with deadly telepathic shots or kill them with huge sepid swords.

Octarec Lurker (1) (Individual)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
12	16	-	15	3	2	5	3	19	-1	6	80

Special Rules: Eagle Eye, Steadfast, Cause Fear, Commanding Presence

The Octarec Lurker has „Heal (5)“

Equipment: Two-Handed Sepid Sword (ST + 9), Telepathic Shots (Profile like „Composite Bow“ in Rulebook 2. edition)



Octa Brain

Octa Brains are bizarre looking cephalopods which are able to shoot off huge sonic blasts over great distances. Although the Octa Brains are very sluggish, they are extremely dangerous creatures which cause panic among enemy soldiers. As a counterpart to the war machines of the surface races the Octa Brains use ultrasonic waves to kill and even destroy walls or buildings.

Moreover, these sea monsters are able to create an aura of telepathic influence around itself that can drive attacking men into a condition of fear and insanity.

Octa Brain (1) (Individual)

CC	FW	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	G	CT
7	11	-	12	3	3	5	1	15	+4	3	110

Special Rules: Cause Dread, Steadfast

The Octa Brain has „Heal (2)“

Equipment: Tentacles (ST + 1)

Sonic Blast Waves:

D20 hits with strenght 4 per shot

Range: 30“ and LOS

This weapon suffers no shooting modifications.

Mirelurks

Mirelurks are bipedal crabmen with the size of a troll. Thier giant pincers are eager to tear flesh apart. These mutants are even worse than their smaller relatives, the Prawnoid shock troopers.

Some Elven wizards who have investigated the corpses of fallen Mirelurks have the theory that these monsters are a result of targeted breeding by the Octarec overlords. However, the Mirelurks are much more than a theory and whatever they may be - standing in front of such a monstrosity is a terrible experience and for many enemy soldiers also their last.

Mirelurk (1) (Individual)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
14	8	-	13	3	2	6	3	15	-3	3	63

Special Rules: Secondary Attack, Commanding Presence, Cause Fear

The Mirelurk has „Heal (3)“

Equipment: Two deadly Pincers (ST + 9)

Depth Ripper

These monstrous fishmen are only bred for war and lead swarms of Depth Broods into battle. If the Cerulean overlords rely on brutal and direct tactics, Depth Rippers are the perfect warriors to crush the enemy lines with sheer force. As their smaller conspecifics the Depth Rippers have the ability to regenate and heal wounds what makes them to even more dangerous opponents. In the most cases the Depth Rippers slaughter groups of enemy soldiers before they finally fall.

Depth Ripper (1) (Individual)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
14	8	-	12	3	4	7	3	17	-2	3	90

Special Rules: Steadfast, Cause Fear, Ferocity, Commanding Presence

The Depth Ripper has „Heal (5)“

Equipment: Ripper Sepid Sword (ST + 9 (2x))

Tritonic

One of the most awful undersea behemoths the surface dwellers have ever seen is the Tritonic. This creeping cephalopod flails around with its tentacles and tears its victims into his giant maw full of razor-sharp teeth.

Trictonics are very hard to kill and have also the regeneration ability of the smaller Cerulean creatures. Sometimes a single Tritonic is enough to overrun a flank. That's the reason why the Octarecs call these terrible creatures from the dark pits of the oceans to the surface by using their telepathic skills.

Tritonic (1) (Individual)

CC	RC	PW	LD	AC	WD	ST	MV	AR	Def	SZ	CT
13	8	-	10	3	6	10	4	18	-2	5	130

Special Rules: Steadfast, Cause Dread, Cannot Run

The Tritonic has „Heal (4)“

Equipment: Bite Attack (ST + 4 (3x))



